

RORY HARRIS

I SCRAP THE MORNING CLEAN

i scrap the morning clean
feel its jaws around my head
& the day seems lost
like a child who's been missing
for so long
the newspapers forget too
somewhere a couple hold each other
grief covers them like a rash
but this day
i scrap through it
& think "Hangover"
should be a name of a town
lost
like that child